

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a dark blue color, framing the central text.

**don't second
guess your
feelings (they
were right from**

daisydirtbag

don't second guess your feelings (they were right from the start) by daisydirtbag

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Boys In Love, Boys Kissing, Fluff, M/M, i finally wrote a full fic are u guys proud, i'd put their ages somewhere around 16-17, the gang finds out about reddie, the losers are aged up in this fic, there's a little bit of mike/stan in here too

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Urish

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

It begins with Bill. One by one, the Losers discover Eddie and Richie are more than just friends.

don't second guess your feelings (they were right from the start)

Author's Note:

guys i finally did it!!! this is for all my twitter mutuals who have been begging me to write a full fic instead of just making threads. well here it is! and tiny mike/stan moment is dedicated to andrea, who gave me a bit of inspiration. come talk to me on @grazerscurls and give me inspiration for more reddie fics, i'm always looking to chat and make new friends.

Billy was the first one to notice. It was hard not to catch on to the fact that when Eddie cancelled plans with the Losers, Richie always followed. It seemed to become more frequent as time went on; 5 times out of 10 when Billy called Eddie to make plans, Eddie would give some lame excuse as to why he couldn't make it. That wouldn't have aroused Billy's suspicion normally, but when Richie would use the same lame excuse to get out of hanging out with the Losers only minutes after Eddie flaked, Billy knew something was definitely up.

Billy, to be completely honest, was beginning to feel a bit offended. They were a group. Pairing off wasn't normal, and Billy felt a little left out. He pondered over the past few weeks, trying to recall an instance where he may have offended Richie or Eddie, explaining their sudden absence from group activities. Billy came up short every time.

On one of these Eddie and Richie-less days (this time Eddie had excused himself claiming his mother was making him stay in to wash the windows. Billy could have, perhaps, accepted that, had Richie not used the same excuse. Billy knows very well Richie's mother does not care whether their windows are washed or not), Billy took it upon himself to ride to the Tozier house, aiming to give the boy a piece of his mind.

Billy's mission was stopped short, however, when turning the corner

on his bike he found both Richie and Eddie laying in the grass of Richie's backyard. He hesitated, wanting to observe the situation before charging in, guns blazing. Eddie's bike was thrown haphazardly down on the sidewalk, as if Eddie had jumped off uncaring of what happened to it. Eddie was laying on his back, (fresh cut grass, Billy thought to himself) pointing out different cloud shapes with one hand, his other intertwined with Richie's own. Richie, for his part, was sitting beside Eddie, fingers running through the smaller boy's curly hair. This scene, however, is not what struck Billy. What struck Billy most, made a fuzzy feeling spread through his body, was the look on Richie's face. He was looking down at Eddie as if the secrets of the universe were hidden in Eddie's brown (with little golden flecks, Richie would later clarify) eyes, like his freckles were constellations and Richie was a rapt astronomer.

The fuzzy feeling grew into a pleasant warmth, and Billy felt comforted immediately. He knew he hadn't been forgotten or replaced, still as much a part of his friends lives as he was before, just in a different way. Billy knew that he could never fill whatever void Eddie and Richie seemed to fill within each other, and he was okay with that. He was proud his best friends had found happiness in each other.

When Eddie tipped his head up to timidly connect his lips with Richie's, Billy lifted his kickstand and began to bike away, all worry leaving his body as he grew further from the Tozier house. Somewhere along the ride, he made a silent vow to help protect whatever was blossoming before him. He wanted to see this sapling of love between his two best friends grow, knowing after the horrors they had faced (as a group, and within their own minds) that whatever he had witnessed was important and necessary, and Billy was going to protect it. And if that meant not kicking up a fuss when Eddie and Richie ditched on quality Loser time, Billy figured it was the very least he could do

What Billy knew, Beverly was soon to find out. It was common knowledge amongst the Losers that no secret could be kept between

the two, but no one had figured out if that was because Beverly was too observant for her own good or Bill too trusting. This explains, of course, why one week after Billy had witnessed the tender moment between Eddie and Richie, Beverly was cornering Richie in the boy's bathroom of the arcade.

"What the fuck Bev?" he practically screeched, not expecting to see a girl here, in sacred boys-only territory. "If you wanted a glimpse of my wang you could have just asked."

"That's not why I'm here, Trashmouth. I wanna know about you and Eddie."

Richie froze. This was it, he realized. There was no turning back, Beverly knew and soon they would all know. Richie wasn't sure he was ready for that just yet. He had to figure something out, and quick, because Beverly looked like a man (woman?) on a mission, and Richie didn't wanna fuck with her.

"There's nothing to know. Our dear Eddie Spaghetti is my best friend, we all knew that!" Richie tried his British Guy voice, hoping the humor might throw Bev off his scent.

Bev looked, as expected, unconvinced. She took another step closer to Richie, who at this point was practically backed into the corner of the stall, rolling her eyes. "Best friends," she said, with air quotes added for emphasis, "don't kiss each other in their backyards."

Richie balked. How could she possibly know about that? He didn't have time to think about it. He realized he had two options. He could either lie, rather unconvincingly, and hope Bev backed off, or he could tell the truth. It was tempting actually, the idea of getting feelings off his chest. Feelings that had sat inside him for years, festered and rotted and burned him from the inside out. That is, until Eddie came along and soothed the pain, turned it into something pleasant and healthy and thriving. Yeah, Richie thought. Maybe the truth isn't so bad.

"Me and Eddie are together." Bev's eyes widened, probably shocked Richie was being so open, but he pushed on. "Have been, I guess, since the summer we fought it. He makes me happy, Bev. So fucking

happy. This is so fucking cheesy, but Eddie's literally like my sun. He's helped me so much, we've helped each other really. Eddie makes me feel like life is actually worth living. I'm gay, is what I'm trying to say I guess. I'm gay, and I'm in love with Eddie."

Beverly took a step back, and a deep breath in. She placed a warm, delicate hand (slimmer than Eddie's, Richie thinks offhandedly, but just as small) on Richie's shoulder and looks him right in the eye. "Richie Tozier," she says, a serious look on her face. Richie is a little worried. "I think I speak for all the Losers when I say we knew you were gay, and we love and accept you no matter what. We're so happy for you and Eddie, you deserve each other. And I *know* I speak for all the Losers when I say that if you ever, ever, break Eddie's heart, we'll break your arm."

Richie can't help the startled laugh that is pushed out of him at Bev's words. This, he realizes, is the love he has missed out on his entire life.

After Richie's conversation with Beverly, he and Eddie allowed themselves to be a little more open around the other Losers. They still haven't told them, not outright, but that doesn't mean they don't slip up every so often.

Ben had dragged Richie and Eddie off to the library on a Saturday afternoon in hopes of getting some weekend homework finished. Stan had temple, Mike played sick, and Bill and Bev were having lunch with Bill's parents, so the three boys were left alone. Richie, of course, was bored out of his mind. He still didn't understand why anyone would come to the library on purpose, much less on a Saturday. To make matters even worse, his boyfriend was sitting two feet away from him, looking undeniably adorable in his stupid yellow sweater, and Richie could do nothing about it thanks to Ben's presence.

Richie gave one last long suffering sigh before reaching into his book

bag (which seemed to contain more useless junk and less actual books) and pulled out a bag of Doritos. Boyfriend or no boyfriend, he could always count on Doritos to be there for him. Before he could put even one deliciously artificially flavored chip into his waiting mouth, Eddie gave him a pointed look from behind his poetry book.

"That's disgusting," Eddie spat, "now I'm gonna have to taste fucking Doritos when I kiss you later."

Both boys froze in their seats, immediately glancing over to Ben, who was looking right back at them with quite fondness in his eyes. Richie let out the breath he had been holding. It was all going to be okay.

"You know Richie, maybe if you brushed your teeth regularly like a sanitary human, Eddie wouldn't have to be concerned about what food he will or will not be tasting later on."

All three boys burst out into laughter that was way too loud to be library acceptable, but in that moment they couldn't care less. Eddie reached for Richie's hand under the table and they shared a look that said it all.

It was all going to be okay.

Stan didn't usually spend much time alone in Richie's house. If he was there he was with all the other Losers, or he wasn't there at all. He had asked Richie, however, if he could borrow his new X-Men comics. This is what led Stanley to be alone, standing in the middle of Richie's room while his friend was off searching for the comics.

Although Stanley had been in Richie's room multiple times while hanging out with the Losers, he had never really had the chance to look around. His eyes perused the dirty laundry strewn across Richie's floor, the half empty glasses of soda on various shelves and ledges, the stuffed giraffe (which Stanley would later learn was a gift to Eddie) thrown on his bed. The thing that truly caught Stan's eye and peaked his curiosity, however, was Richie's calendar, which was

pinned to the wall above Richie's desk. Big red letters could be seen, circled and underlined multiple times, on the square marking the following Monday.

Moving closer, Stanley almost gasped out loud when he read what was written. "ME AND EDDIE'S ANNIVERSARY" the calendar had said, clearly in Richie's handwriting. Well that sure explained a lot. Stan had always knew his two best friends had been closer with each other than with him or the rest of the group. It had never bothered him; he knew that they meant something to each other that Stan might never fully understand and he was okay with that. He was slightly hurt that his friends had not told him, wondering if they did not trust him or did not think he would be accepting.

When Richie burst back into the room, hair slightly tousled and looking slightly out of breath, Stan pretended he hadn't seen what he had seen on Richie's calendar. If his friends wanted to keep their relationship a secret, who was Stanley to get in the way of that? Especially when he himself had yet to tell the Losers about the (short, but exciting) kiss he had shared with Mike behind Mike's barn.

It was behind said barn, that Mike finally, the last of the Losers, discovers Eddie and Richie's (no longer) secret relationship. The Losers had all gotten together at Mike's place, since he had the largest property and plenty of open spaces which were perfect for the various games the kids often entertained themselves with. Bev, Bill, and Ben were attempting to catch lightning bugs in the dimming summer light, and Stan was inside helping himself to a glass of water. Richie had excused himself home minutes ago, and Eddie just before that.

Mike suddenly had a brilliant idea. They would have a bonfire. He believed he had marshmallows in his pantry, and the weather was just cool enough for a fire. He was upset that Eddie and Richie would miss out, but it was their own fault anyway.

Mike knew there was plenty of firewood behind his barn, and he

began the long trek over to retrieve it. As he walked, he thought about the last time he had been behind the barn, with Stanley. It seemed almost comical that his thoughts had been on kissing Stan behind the barn, as when he turned the corner to retrieve the firewood his eyes immediately landed on Eddie, pressed up against the barn, *his* barn, Richie's tongue down his throat.

"Seriously guys? Right in front of my barn? Why does it have to be here?"

Richie and Eddie jumped apart as if they had been burned. Richie rubbed his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Seriously Mike? Way to scare the shit out of us. We thought we were gonna get it for real this time." Richie said, as if he hadn't just seconds before been sucking face with his best friend.

Mike didn't know what to say. Did he ask what the hell was going on? Tell them he was happy and supported them? Tell them about him and Stan? Before he even had a chance to speak, Eddie began laughing. A small giggle at first, rising in volume until he was practically cackling. Mike and Richie were both giving him incredulous looks. Wiping tears from his eyes, Eddie broke the tension between the three boys.

"So if everyone knows, does that mean I get to kiss you in public now?"

Richie's only answer was to kiss Eddie, hard, on the mouth, not caring that Mike was still standing there. The Losers would just have to get used to the idea of Richie kissing Eddie now that it was out in the open.